And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foote,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou Nor.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*

Iockey of Norfolke be not so bold,
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.

King. A thing deuised by the enemie.
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keepe the strong in awe.
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd? *his Armie.*
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their orecloyed country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures & assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vntest:
You hauing lands, & blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesopt, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exployt,
For want of means poore rats had hangd themselues,

If

If we be conquered, let
And not these bastard
Haue in their owne land
And on record left them
Shall these enioy our la
Rauish our daughters, h
Right Gentlemen of E
Draw Archers draw, y
Spur your proud horse
Amaze the welkin with
What saies Lord Stanle
Mes. My Lord, he
King. Off with his s
Nor. My Lord, the
After the battaile, let
King. A thousand he
Aduance our standard
Our auncient word of
Inspire vs with the spl
Vpon them, victorie
Alarum, ex
Cat. Rescew my Lo
The king enacts more
Daring an opposite to
His horse is slaine, and
Seeking for Richmon
Rescew faire Lord, or
Kin. A horse, a horse
Cat. Withdraw my
Kin. Slaue I haue s
And I will stand the ha
I thinke there be sixe
Fiue haue I slaine to da
A horse, a horse, my ki
Alarum, Enter Richar
slain, then retrait be
ring: be crowne, with
Ri. God and your ar
The day is ours, the bl
Dar. Couragious Ric

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